

The Man and the flag

By: Roland W. Peterson

The caravan is moving
The wind is blowing
The sun is hot
The sky is blue
The horns are blowing
The crowd is shouting

In the middle of this all
He lies on the ground
The man is down
In the fight for freedom he
falls

The caravan stops
The crowd is mad and frus-
trated
They are screaming out in
anger

When I fall take up the flag
and move on
There is a burning in his heart
And a will to go on
He is not letting his flag go

Suddenly a shot rings out
A silence falls
The earth trembles
The boulders crack in pain
The wind stops blowing
The sky turns dark

Today he is still holding the
flag
The will to go forward lives
on.

January, 2013.